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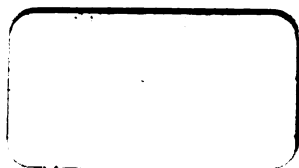
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Chas. Baldridge
P. + A. E. F.

Audenarde Belgium
Nov. 11/1918

“I WAS THERE”

**WITH THE YANKS
ON THE WESTERN FRONT
1917-1919**

**BY
C. LEROY BALDRIDGE
PVT. A. E. F.**

**TOGETHER WITH VERSES
BY
HILMAR R. BAUKHAGE
PVT. A. E. F.**

**G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
NEW YORK AND LONDON
The Knickerbocker Press.
1919**

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Fine money

COPYRIGHT, 1919
BY
C. LEROY BALDRIDGE



TO OUR MOTHERS

Ours the Great Adventure,
Yours the pain to bear,
Ours the golden service stripes,
Yours the marks of care.

If all the Great Adventure
The old Earth ever knew,
Was ours and in this little book
'Twould still belong to you!

These Sketches

were made during a year's service as a camion driver with the French army in the Chemin-des-Dames sector and a year's service with the A.E.F. as an infantry private on special duty with "The Stars and Stripes," the official A.E.F. newspaper. Most of them were drawn at odd minutes during the French push of 1917 near Fort Malmaison, at loading parks and along the roadside while on truck convoy, and while on special permission to draw and paint with the French army given me by the Grand Quartier Général during the time I was stationed at Soissons. The rest were drawn on American fronts from the Argonne to Belgium as my duties took me from one offensive to another.

It has been a keen regret to me that my artistic skill has been so unequal to these opportunities. The sketches do not sufficiently show war for the stupid horror I know it to be.

I hope, however, they may serve as a record of doughboy types, of the people he lived with in France, with whom he suffered and by whose side he fought.

Many appeared first in "The Stars and Stripes," "Leslie's Weekly," and "Scribner's Magazine," through the courtesy of whose editors I am now enabled to reprint them.

C. E. Roy Baldridge
Private, Am. E. F.

June 1919

I WAS THERE

Sunny
France



Warming up
the "corned
willy" over
"corned
heat"
(solidified
alcohol)



Rain
overhead
and
mud underfoot



Baldie's Near Montfaucon 18



The Yank

C. LeRoy Baldridge
Pvt A.E.T.
19

Fighting
Trim
—



C. E. Roy Baldridge —



Seicheprey.
America's old home sector
-first trenches entirely under
their own command

Seicheprey
America's old home sector.

C. Lt. Roy Baldrige April '19

THE LINE

Form a line!

Get in line!

From the time that I enlisted
And since Jerry armististed
I've been standing, kidding, cussing,
I've been waiting, fuming, fussing,
In a line.

I have stood in line in mud and slime and sleet,
With the dirty water oozing from my feet,
I have soaked and slid and slipped,
While my tacky slicker dripped,
And I wondered what they'd hand me out to eat.

Get in line!

For supplies and for inspections,
With the dust in four directions,
For a chance to scrub the dirt off,
In the winter with my shirt off,
In a line.

I have sweated in an August training camp,
That would make a prohibition town look damp,
Underneath my dinky cap
While the sun burned off my map
And I waited for some gold-fish (and a cramp!).

Get in line!

For rice, pay-day, pills, and ration,
For corned-willy, army fashion,
In Hoboken, in the trenches,
In a station with the Frenchies,
In a line.

I've been standing, freezing, sweating,
Pushing, shoving, wheezing, fretting,
And I won't be soon forgetting
Though I don't say I'm regretting
That I stood there, with my buddies,
In a line.



Pvt. C. L. Roy Baldridge
G. E. F.

The lids we wear -





He used to
hunt rabbits
in Kentucky

R-B

Ch Roy Balding

The job
that's never
ended

Cleaning
up for
inspection





First time in two weeks!

C. E. 107 Baldridge

Montmerri



The letter from home

reading



The Ration Detail

a job which no one relishes. Each day the other fellow's artillery tries to lay down a fire which will keep these boys from getting back. They travel to where their supply company has dumped the food from mule carts - the point nearest front where creaking wheels may go. The man in the center is carrying a string of French loaves, the round, black variety common before we got our own bakeries started.



Baldridge, 1918

The Headquarters Company of the Reserve Mallet taking its bath at Chavigny Farm. The tub is a tin-lined cigarette box used by the U.M. C.A. Water is heated in the old farm fire-place.

“PREPARE FOR ACTION”

I ran into Johnny Redlegs
A-sitting on his bus,
And I asked him why the devil
He dropped half his shells on us.
He just smiles and puffs his corn-cob,
As peaceful as a Persian,
And, “Buddy,” says he, “you can’t blame me,
You gotta blame dispersion.”

I says to Johnny Redlegs,
“If I didn’t have nine lives
Your barrage would have got me
With those lousy seventy-fives.”
He grins and puffs his corn-cob,
And then he winks, reflective,
And, “Buddy,” says he, “you can’t blame me
If you pass your damn objective.”

I says to Johnny Redlegs
(Just kidding him, you know),
“The trouble with your popgun is
She pops too gol-darned slow.”
Then Redlegs drops his corn-cob
And spits on both his han’s,
And, “Buddy,” says he, “you can kid with me
And the whole damned Field Artilleree,
But there’ll be a dud where you used to be
If you kid my swasont-cans!”



"I know a girl at home ^{67mc} who looks just like you



"Johnny Redlegs"
guardian of
the
"soixanti-
quatre"
(the famous
French "75")

and the
doughboy who
tries to keep
just the right
distance from
the
covering
barrage
fire

C. E. Roy Baldridge
France



The Bugs"-
Two men, French style tanks



An Indian
M. P.

"A Chance
to get "
even"



A Survival
of the old
regular army

C Le Roy Baldridge



—
Among the
first
sent
across
—

They served
with the French
in '17

(L) Roy Baldridge



Reading their shirts



Her boy too -



American and French field artillery gun crews camped together in a wood near Chassemy. The canvas overhead keeps the fire from being observed by aeroplanes at night.



Using a
shell-shocked
tree for
a telegraph
pole.

The linesman
at the front

Same old job
with just a
couple percent
more risk
than usual



St. Mihiel
1918

Dumb Beasts



In the
Missouri
draft



Wagon train
hicks: "Maud"
and "Mud"

Former refugee
- now mascot
and the
only
man
in the
outfit
who
likes
mountain meat







The
Aeroplane
Fight

Clayton Baldridge
1917

RELIEF

z-z-z-z-z-Z-Z-Z-Z-e-e-e-E-E - - - - - b Boom!

There's another!
God, this pack is heavy.
Glad I pinched the extra willy,
Guess I'll need it.
And the sweater, too,
out there.

-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-Z-Z-Z-Z-E-E-E-EEEEEE- - b Boom!

There's another!
Jesse! that was a close one.
Wonder if.....good Christ! Where's Charlie?
Got him clean. God curse those Jerries!
I'll get even, — p'raps —
out there.

z-z-z-z-z-z-z-Z-Z-Z-E-E-E-E-e-e- - - - - b Boom!

There's another!
Over!
Well, if one has my name on it
Then the gov'ment pays ten thousand.
What's the use? I couldn't spend it.
Leastways not —
out there.

z-z-z-z-z-z-z-Z-Z-Z-Z-e-e-e-e-E-E-E-E- - - b Boom!

There's another.
Where'd I put that plug of Climax?
Oh, I s'pose somebody swiped it.
Gee, I never thought that Charlie...
Glad I ain't out on the wire.
This damn trench is dark — ouch! Damn it,
Wait a minute.... Hell, I'm coming,
I can't run in this equipment.
What the hell's the rush to get —
out there?



The Relief

Coming up to the
front lines through
the communication
trenches, which
extend a kilometer
or so. On these
occasions little
love is lost on
"beautiful moon-
light nights"

C. Le Roy Baldridge 1918



The roofs of Vaux
after a few minutes of Yank
barraage lifted.





The shell hole
Central



On
Guard



The noncombatant—

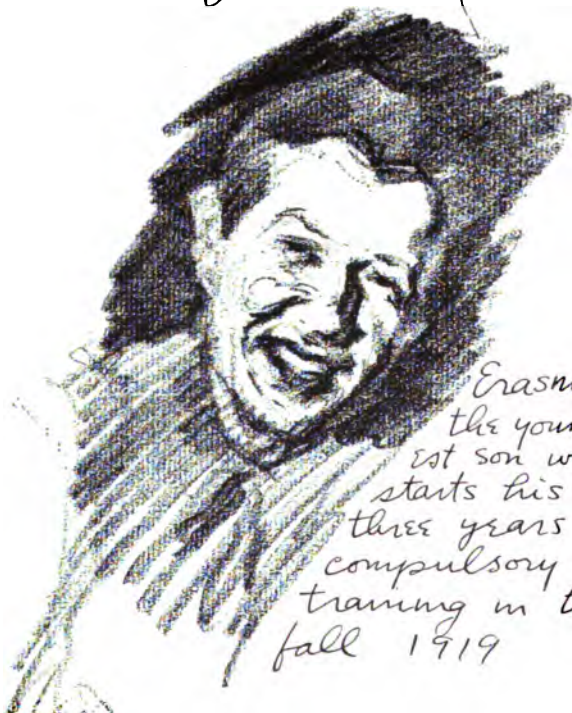
The family with whom I
lived in Soissons



In 1870
Grandpère
was taken as a
prisoner to
Coblenz



Madame
Framary
who sewed on
my buttons
and who
transformed
miserable
French
army
rations
into
marvelous
dishes



Erasme,
the young-
est son who
starts his
three years of
compulsory
training in the
fall 1919



The eldest son
After his three
years of training
he was called to war.
He has never come
back.

Ch. Roy, Baldudgè - Soissons - 1918



Chas Roy Baldeid, s
France 1917

Awaiting the signal to
attack. The sergeant is
ready to blow the whistle
for his squad to follow
him out through a path
in the barbed wire. In
another minute they
will advance close
behind the bursting shells
of a heavy barrage which,
lifting, will leave them
face to face with German
machine guns.



"American Field Service"
drivers at Longport, 1917



Nogara 1918

The Paro Bus
many kilometers from the Place de l'Opéra-
used for transporting troops, horses, and fresh meat to the front

FATIGUE

You can see 'em in the movies,
With the sunlight on their guns,
You can read in all the papers
Of the charge that licked the Huns,
You can read of "khaki heroes"
And of "gleaming bayonet,"
But there's one thing that the writers
And the artist all forget:

That's me!
On K. P.
In my suit of denim blue
I am thinking — not of you —
But the places where I'd like the top to be!

On the posters in the windows,
In the monthly magazine,
Are the boys in leather leggings
Such as Pershing's never seen;
Oh, they love to paint 'em pretty,
All dressed up and fit to kiss, —
Ain't it funny there's a picture
That they always seem to miss?

Bless me soul,
Loading coal!
In my little shimmy-shirt,
Eyes and mouth full up with dirt —
(In the next war I'll be living at the Pole.)



Clifford Baldridge

—
Built
for
speed
—



and with
light pack
to match
—

P.B.
Belleau Wood
• 1918
A Marine



Baldrige
Paris 1919

"Steady, buddy!"



Never too far
gone for a
Smoke



But he wears the "Legion of
Honor and the "croix de
guerre" —



The "Territorial" -
the name given
French poilu
between the ages
of 34 and 40

C. R. Rey Baldurys
Vailly - 1917



In an abri waiting
for the "Gothas" (big German planes) to go home



The veteran
of the Spanish-
American war
tells 'em
how it
ought to
be done



He's been on
every front from
Chateau-Thierry
to the Rhine

Chas Baldwin

Coblenz - 1919



R. Lufbery

Sketched at the
Lafayette Escadrille
field near Longpont
as the aviator
was getting into
his "union suit"
preparatory to
flying in a
Chemin-des-Dames
engagement

C. LeRoy Baldridge

Base port Stevedores



Volunteers
from the
South who
work eight
hours a day
for seven
days a week

C. Le Roy Baldridge
Bordeaux, 18



A 26 Division Wagon Train
moving toward Chassem,
Wood. 1918.
Mule and Prairie Schooner in
a country made desert by war.



The end of his service

Veterans
of the
Marne



C. L. Roy Baldrige Pvt Inf

POILU

When we left the transport
Back in St. Nazaire,
Second thing you asked us, —
“Quand finit la guerre?”
Didn't know your lingo
You weren't hard to get,
Peace was what you wanted —
And a cigarette.

Then up in the trenches
It was just the same,
“When's it going to finish?”
Didn't seem quite game.
Then we saw you strafing,
Saw we had you wrong,
Wondered how you stood it
Four years long.

Drank your sour pinard,
Shared what smokes we had,
Got to know you better,
Found you weren't so bad,
Four years in the trenches!
(One's enough, I'll say)
How the hell'd you do it
On five sous a day?



Chemin des Dames '17

Pvt. C. Le Roy, Baldridge



C Le Roy Baldridge
+
France

American being
taught by Frenchman
to drive truck so
that the latter
may return to
his farm.



Moving up
 over a concrete road Bastille
 laid down by a pine (engineer) regiment
 in war-wasted land The piece
 of wall on the right is all that
 remains of a French village
 of five hundred inhabitants



بن عبد الوكيل
Arabian Knight



ابراهيم اول
Between drives he
works on the
railroad

الجزيرة
On other days
he rides a
camel in
Algeria

Baldridge





1917

Senegalese types
volunteers used for
the attack and for
labor on roads

C. Le Roy Baldridge
vaily 1917

The aumonier
-poilu priest
who marches
with the
troops



Of the
youngist
class



A father
of the class
of '89

C. Le Roy Baldridge 1917
Moulin Laffaux

—
He handles
a big naval
gun mounted
on rail-road
cars near
Scissons
—



Baldrige
1918

Un canonnier marin sur le front



French "corvée" laborers.

Too old to serve in the active army and so assigned to the more unromantic, uninteresting but vital work of loading camions, tending horses, or building and repairing roads back of the lines. It has been said that the first battle of Verdun was won by the camion service. This is the kind of man who made that victory possible





A
"Walking
Case"

France.
August.
-18.

A. Roy Baldridge Pot. Int.

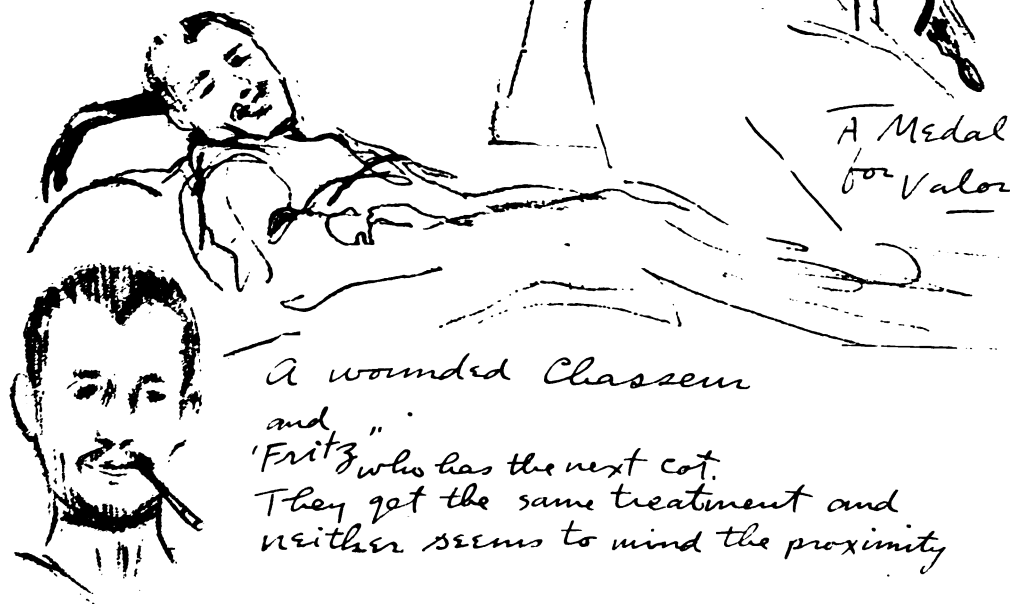


C. Roy Baldridge
France 1/7

Toul sector days -
Waiting for something
Rappen -



Un grand blessé



*A Medal
for Valor*



*A wounded Chasseurs
and*

'Fritz' who has the next cot.

*They get the same treatment and
neither seems to mind the proximity*

Maux

Baldwin 17



An American Ambulance at
a poste de secours (first aid station)
Ostel - 1917



An old trench
in the Argonne near Montfaucon



Cheryl Baidridge Art. 16f

The Edge

THAT QUIET SECTOR

Four hours off — two hours on —
And not a thing to do but think,
And watch the mud and twisted wire
And never let your peepers blink.

Two hours on — four hours off —
The dug-out's slimy as the trench;
It stinks of leather, men, and smoke, —
You wake up dopey from the stench.

Four hours off — two hours on —
Back on the same old trick again,
The same old noth'n' to do at all
From yesterday till God knows when.
On post or not it's just the same,
The waiting is what gets your goat
And makes you want to chuck the game
Or risk a trench-knife in your throat.

Two hours on — four hours off —
I s'pose our job is not so hard, —
I s'pose sometime we're going to quit —
.

The ghosts we leave — do they stand guard?



Post. C. Le Roy, Baldrige France.



The water wagon
filled with red-hot
coffee going to the
ration dump via
shell fire and
not losing any
time about
it - (Outside Belleau
wood - June '18



After the German Retreat
Craning up old quarry
used by Fritz as a
barracks — Chemin des Dames



C. L. Coy. Baldrige

"Wagon Soldiers"
(nicknames for artillerymen)



Made in America

"Marraines" (godmothers)
 who kept their
 pious godsons
 at the front in
 good cheer with
 letters and pack-
 ages from home,
 and who took
 their Yank cousins
 to their hearts
 in the same
 kindly spirit



in Paris
 and the
 provinces

A type to match
 the ideal of every
 man who looks



Baldridge 1917



"Papa Perrin"
Soissons
1917

No one knows where the poilu slang word "Pinard" came from, but everyone knows what it means. It's half way between water and red wine, with the kick mostly in the taste. It is served as an army ration. The poilu's canteen is always full of it.



"We ain't nothin' red 'eroes,
"Nor we
aren't no
blackguards
too, —"





One of the
Agent-de-Ville = M. P.
teams of Paris
patrolling the
boulevard. They
have authority over both
Yank and poils.
- C. Le Roy Baldridge -
Paris 1919

Belgian
Types



© Le Roy Baldridge



The Tommy
Montdidier
1918

C. R. Ballhug
France 18





C. K. Roy, Bridgton - Maine '47

Caught by a star shall at a listening post, and attempting to "freeze" like a rabbit with the hunter upon him, to look as much like a lump of mud as possible until the glare dies down.



Americans quartered in the medical
monastery of Port St Maxence

French Colonial
Types

White,
black,
and
half-
way.



"Kamarad!"



"P.G.s" (prisonniers de la guerre)
who are keeping in
physical trim by lumber
work in a forest where once
the kings of France took
their morning walks

— Baldridge Croix St. Owen



A Yank going on leave
 having a midnight cup
 of "vin rouge" in a compart-
 ment of a Permissionnaire

Train - with a soixante-quinze gunner, a sailor from a submarine, a
 Chasseur, an aviation sergeant, and several infantrymen. For the next
 ten days of "permission" these men can forget war.

C. E. Roy, L. L. L. L. L.
 en route - Nice 1918



The barber shop
quarante on the
trip home -
(no ocean rules about noise this time).

Baldridge





MAIL!
Brought up
to the front by the
ration detail

Balbridge



Forty feet
underground
in an old stone
quarry formerly
used by the Germans
as barracks.

Near Fort Malman.

W. H. Wood
France



O. R. Flaxley

This is the cellar of her home. The house above
no longer exists. For her living she washes
clothes for the soldiers. Her daughter with two
young children is a prisoner in Belgium. A
third grandchild lives in the cave.



"Lui"



Poulet



This
one
has
won three
army
citations



"la soupe"



liaison
dog
to
carry
messages



Red
Cross
dog



Jack-
a
Yank
volunteer



French dogs loaned by private families
and trained by the army for use as Red Cross
aids, sentinels, and message carriers.
Intelligence the only qualification - any breed goes



Kénaro



Saïd



Two dogs
who worked
together at
Verdun



Picard



Sultane



Mairaine

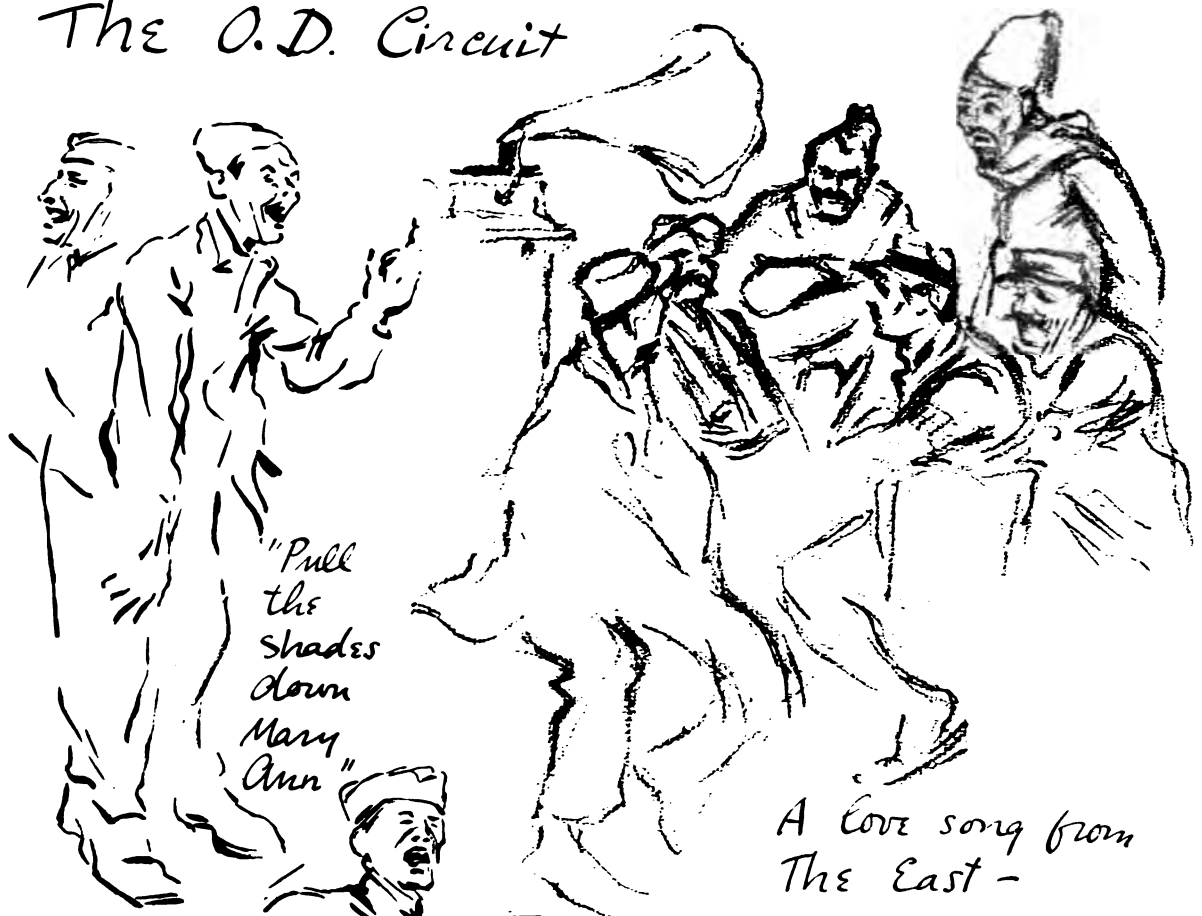


Filon



"Mort pour la Patrie"

The O.D. Circuit



"Pull
the
shades
down
Mary
Ann"

A Core song from
The East -



Our own
jazz band



"Coming out" after "The Washington Birthday Raid" Chemin-des Dames - 1918 -



original
of the



An African Mohammedan,
An Indo-Chinese Annamite
and a prisoner
who all crack
rocks nine
hours a day
for the roads
of France



Chas. Roy Baldridge





French
Colonials
from
Northern
Africa
used in
shock troops

First regiment
Zouave

Chas. Baldridge
France 18

SALVAGE

I'll be stepping wide in these russet shoes!
Leather putts beside, honest I can't lose!
Guess the guy that had 'em left 'em in a hurry!
What the hell, he's S. O. L.
I should worry.

"That's my second razor!"
"Then gimme the blades."
"Whatcha got there, Buddy?"
"Pair of tailor-mades!"

I'll be walking on air! Yes. . . they was the top's!
He won't need 'em out there — if a big one drops.

"Going to keep that sweater?"
"No, look at the dirt."
"Put that on you, Buddy,
"You'll have to read your shirt!"

If I get that leave I can use 'em to dance.
Well, I should grieve, —he had his chance.

"Nothing doing! Beat it!"
"Saw that luger first!"
"Ten francs says I want it."
"Done. I'll cure this thirst."

Brand-new russet shoes, I'll be stepping high!
Someone's got to lose, glad I ain't the guy.
If I'm going to use 'em, guess I'll have to hurry,
The next H. E. may be meant for me —
I should worry!





The Gunner's Cottage



In 1870 he lost an arm,
in 1917 he lost a son
and everything ~~he~~ owns

C. A. Roy Bulbridge
France / 18

Lafayette Escadulle Men -

Marius -
who helps
keep the
big
planes
in
order

Pilot



Loupont
France
A/Ov-17

Observer

Ch Roy Baldridge





Ch Roy Baldwin
France
18

Making brooms from
brushwood at Antibes
for use on army
roads.



The Signal Corps



France, Aug. 1918

C. H. Baldridge Pvt. Inf.

The gold star



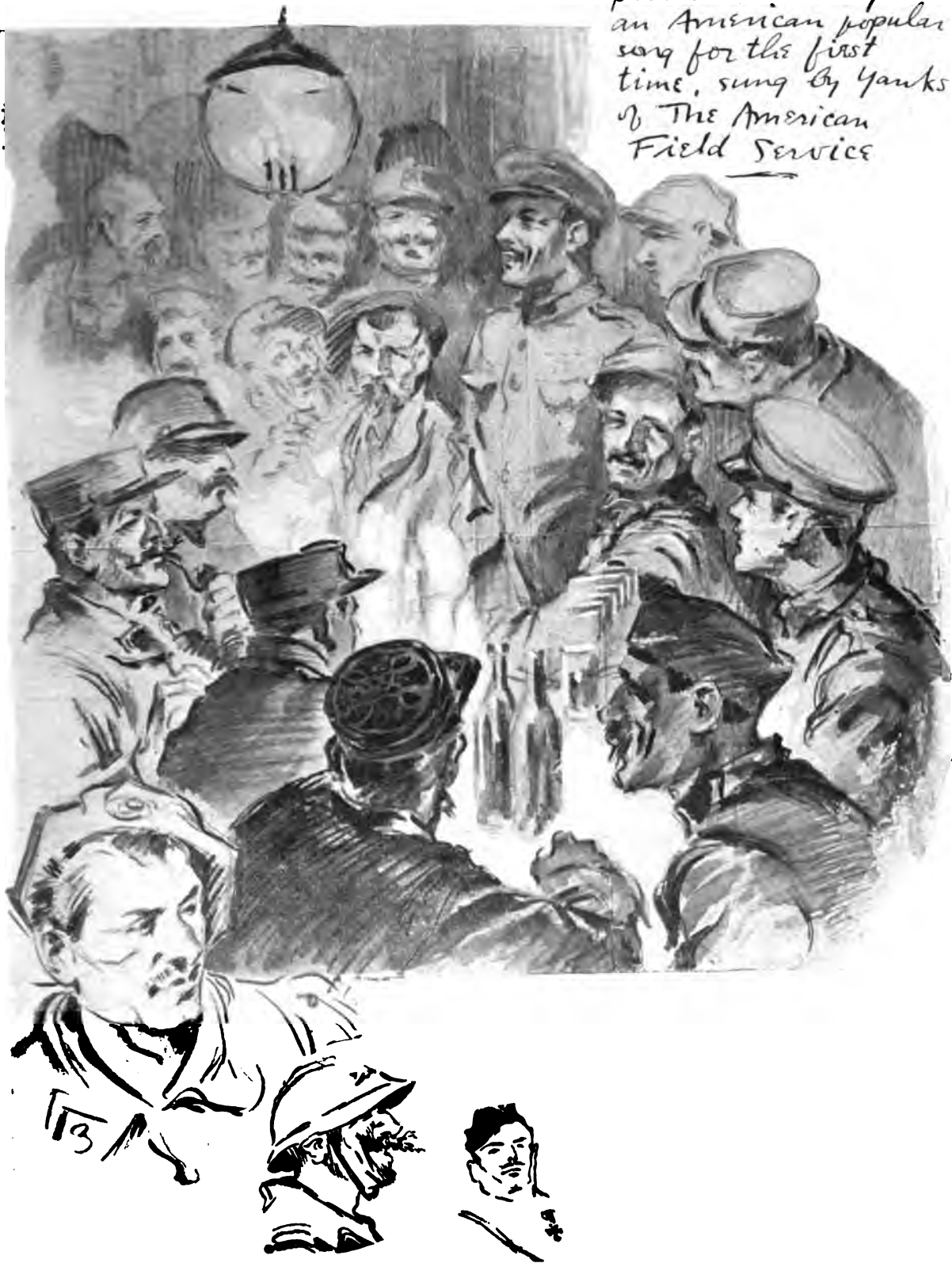
Both under Arms

The "pépère" of
the '89 class
and the
"Marie-Louise"

of the
last
call

Clifford Baldrige
Seisens France /17

Cafe group of
poilus listening to
an American popular
song for the first
time, sung by Yanks
of The American
Field Service





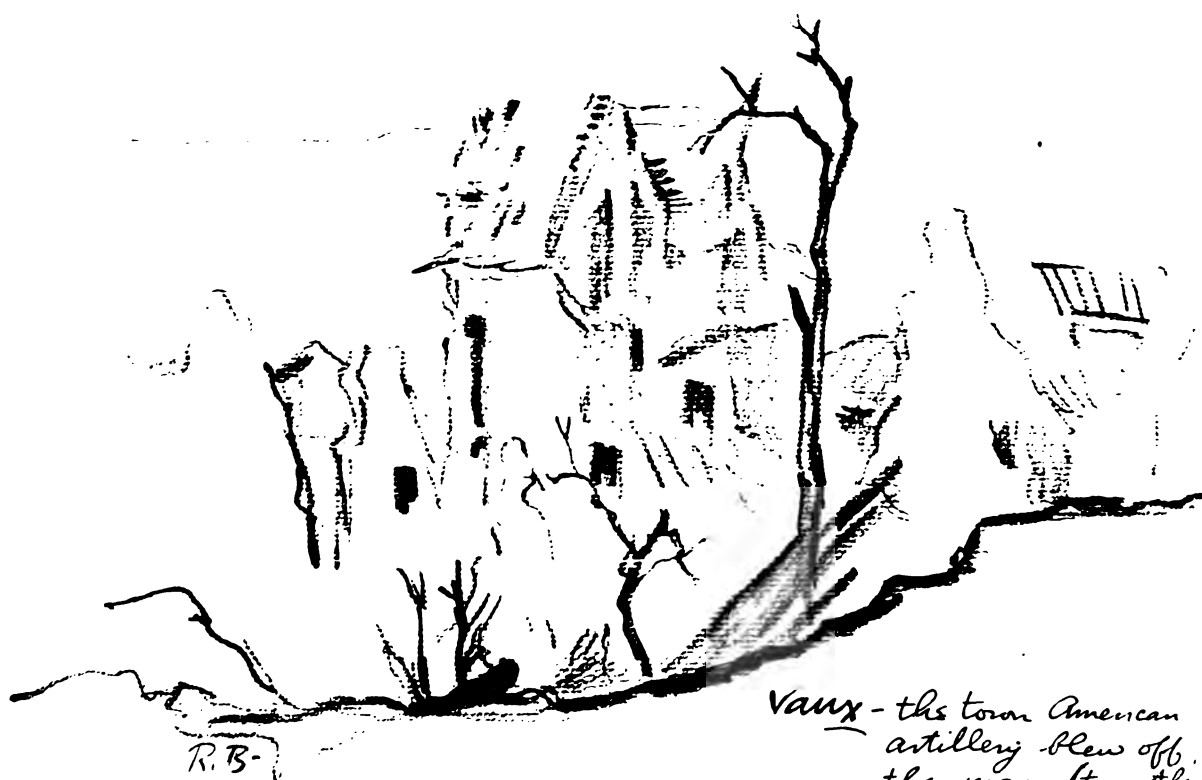
Home

© L. R. Baldridge - 1911



Some of
the first
ones

C. R. B. Balbridge
France 1918



Vaux - the town American
artillery blew off
the map (together
with the German
inhabitants)



Dugouts built for German
officers near Sarssons
used by them in 1915.
Decked out with cement
and mosaic floors,
paper on the walls,
tile roofs and
stained glass windows.
Used by
our troops in 1918

C. H. Roy Belding 5/14



Baldridge
Am. Hospital No 5

The American
Trained Nurse



What one man
is fighting for

C LeRoy Baldridge
Soissons - 1917



"Once upon a time."

Before leaving France
750,000 doughboys
contributed enough to
support 3,444 French
war orphans for one
year, and the "Stars
and Stripes" newspaper
left nearly three million
francs toward their
education

Annamites

French colonial
troops from
Indo-China

(Blackened
teeth
as an
aid to
health and
beauty)



An
Oriental
pipe and
a French
brignette
to light
it with



These paid col-
onials were
used as attack-
ing troops, as
labourers on
roads and
as drivers
of light
trucks

Ce Sargent Tam
Ligny - sur - Aisne

(LeRoy Baldrige
France - 1918)



The "white wing"
of the French front—

—
but when he
puts on his
heavy marching
order it means
there's an
attack
coming



A king
in his own
country



EQUIPMENT C

The Loot is getting wabbly,
With his dinky little pack, —
He can hear the sergeant cussing
But he doesn't dare look back.

But we ain't saying nothing
Since we got the order "route,"
Too dog-dead for even wond'ring
If we'll ever hear "fall out."

My damn rifle and my helmet
Keep on getting in the way,
And my brains are numb and dopey
Try'n' to cuss and try'n' to pray.

My throat's as dry as sawdust
And my right arm's gone to sleep,
And the pack-strap on my shoulder
Cuts a slit two inches deep.

I just lift one foot and shove it
And it hits most any place,
Then I lift and shove the other
T'keep from falling on my face.

If the guide should change the cadence
I'll be damned if I could stop;
If you pushed me with a feather —
Well, I'd just curl up and drop.

And I know damn well there's stragglers
That'll ride up on a truck —
Guess if you ain't born a quitter,
You're just simply outa luck.

I suppose we'll keep on going --
Huh? The Skipper's faced about?
Halt! . . . I'm dreaming . . . in the daisies . . .
You don't need . . . to say . . . "fall out!"





For some of us
The war will
never end.



C. R. Baldridge

Soissons - 1917

In an old Roman cellar two floors underground where civilians went during air raids as bombing planes passed over on their way to Compiègne, Paris, and interior cities. This "cave" was considered absolutely safe, but in October 1918 was completely demolished by one "155" shell.



Miss and distribution
of mail at the "non-
com" school for the
M. T. C. at Longpont

Chas Baldridge
1917



Far from Broadway - S. R. O. -
Christmas 1917 at a Ymca hut



Dressing a
gas burn case



Mission Hospital
Georgetown -
Hospital for the
treatment of leprosy

Chas. B. Baldwin



Americans quartered
in the old abbey
St John de Vins of
Soissons in the
spring of '18

Baldridge

All the Same Family
 Henri, who tends
 sheep with
 his assistant,



Le Roy



She
 teaches
 us French



Jean, who
 comes around
 at mess time
 for "confiture
 Americaine",
 and who has
 learned how
 to say "chewing
 gum" and
 "cigarette."



And Pierre picked
 the spuds

Their last war



Baldridge-
Chateau Thierry. France 1918



The town of Cuffies
(sur Aisne) held by the
Germans till 1916.
When the old inhab.
itants began moving
back in; they were
assisted in re-establishing
their life there by the
American Red Cross

The site of the
home of Madame
Crépin where the
Red Cross set up a
barrack cottage for
her.





The glory of Reims

*Chas Baldridge
Reims-Nov-1918*



Cut off from rations
for three days in the
wood - with one can of
tomatoes for both
food and drink -



A sixteen year old
volunteer



127 Baldridge -

“MADELON”

It seemed years since I had seen one, —
Years of hiking, sweat and blood,
Didn't think there was a clean one
In these miles of men and mud.

Well, I stood there, laughing, drinking,
Kidding her in bon fransay
But the things that I was thinking
Were a thousand miles away.

Sewed my stripe on like a mother,
Gee! She was a pretty kid. . . .
But I left her like a brother, —
Shake her hand was all I did.

Then I says: “Vous, all right, cherry —”
And my throat stuck, and it hurt. . . .
And I showed her what I carry
In the pocket of my shirt.



*(Maison Comtois)
France*

*Pvt. C. L. R. Bulchidge
A.E.F.*



A second floor
billet

Outpost at
Hersbach
Germany

Madelon of the
village, who washed
our clothes - and
who still has
some of those we
had to leave
when we were
pulled out
of the sector
in the middle
of the
night



C. Le Roy Baldridge.

Neat but
not
gandy



As we came
home - on the
transport —



C. Le Roy Baldridge Aden 1919

Troops coming home from
Marselles go by way of Africa
and stop to eat at Aden.
Here the doughboy meets the
French Arab soldier with whom
he fought side by side at
Sosso.

Officer
Hommes 4



France 1919
Ready to go home

Reading the Draft Covenant
for The League of Nations-
Paris: —



General Bliss Colonel House Secretary - The President - Mr. Clemenceau Mr. Balfour



Blue denim
for the
trip home

S. S. Canada
1919



Baldridge
Dec. 1918

Outpost at Molsberg, Germany,
in ancient castle which stands
just on the edge of the American
occupied area and the Neutral
zone.

NOVEMBER ELEVENTH

We stood up and we didn't say a word,
It felt just like when you have dropped your pack
After a hike, and straightened out your back
And seem just twice as light as any bird.

We stood up straight and, God! but it was good!
When you have crouched like that for months, to stand
Straight up and look right out toward No-Man's-Land
And feel the way you never thought you could.

We saw the trenches on the other side
And Jerry, too, not making any fuss,
But prob'ly stupid-happy, just like us.
Nobody shot and no one tried to hide.

If you had listened then I guess you'd heard
A sort of sigh from everybody there,
But all we did was stand and stare and stare,
Just stare and stand and never say a word.

4

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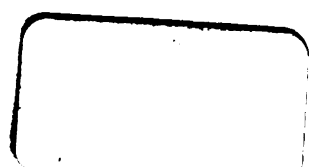
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"I was there" with the Yanks on the
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